

DISCOVERIES

RECORD & CD COLLECTORS

HENDRIX: Clearing the Haze

Also Inside...

- Collecting Hendrix
- Ruth Brown
- Cub Koda's Vinyl Junkie™

NEWSPAPER
SECOND CLASS HANDLING
\$2.50 USA \$3.75 CANADA

THOUSANDS OF RECORDS and CDs FOR SALE INSIDE!

Clearing The Haze: Jimi Hendrix's Foxy Legacy Returns Home

by Alex Trevor



Recording artists are hardly soothsayers by nature, yet what else illuminates the central concern of Jimi Hendrix's "Somewhere Over The Rainbow Blues," whose anonymous moneyman "may even try to wrap me in cellophane and sell me"?

The late guitarist had reason to worry, more than 20 years after his untimely death in London (September 17, 1970), aged 27 — when his family asserted longtime attorney Leo Branton Jr. sold his music, and likeness, without their knowledge or consent.

That bygone snatch of lyric from 1975's *Crash Landing* LP (Reprise MS 2204) epitomized the family's concerns, particularly for producer Alan Douglas' well-documented penchant of substituting sessioneers in place of Jimi's original musicians: Jimi Hendrix Experience (JHE) bassist Noel Redding, and drummer Mitch Mitchell, as well as Band Of Gypsies (BOG) bassist Billy Cox, and his rhythmic sparring partner, drummer Buddy Miles.

However much Jimi's father, Al, half-sister, Janie Hendrix-Wright and original cadre of musicians may have decried all these tape manipulations, they had no say while Branton, Douglas and their associates called the shots. They seemed fated to continue long after Jimi's death opened up a flood of posthumous releases — some exceptional, some good, some shoddy — to buttress their handiwork.

It all changed when Al learned of Branton's intent to sell Jimi's legacy, lock, stock and riff, to MCA Records, who'd already issued three Douglas-helmed albums in *Blues*, *Woodstock* and the *Voodoo Soup* compilation, which had drawn further critical ire for its track listing, and ex-Knack drummer Bruce Gary's overdubbed presence on two tracks. Claiming he'd only heard of the proposed sale in *Entertainment Weekly*, Al sued Branton, his lawyer of 23 years, along with Douglas. After a couple of years of courtroom maneuverings, it finally ended in a settlement last fall. Al agreed to drop his suit, in exchange for paying the former estate \$5-10 million; at the same time, reported *Rolling Stone*, the senior Hendrix was to immediately begin receiving payments starting at \$1 million. Its September 7, 1995 summary of the matter further assessed the rights to Jimi's legacy at around \$80 million.

But that impressive figure was never uppermost on the family's mind throughout all the legal gymnastics, maintains Hendrix-Wright from the new estate's Experience Hendrix offices in Seattle, Washington, the family's hometown.

"Well, for us, it's (about) family

honor," she says. "We feel that Jimi created the music, because the world says Jimi's a great icon, and a hero of music — but we lost a close family member, and that makes it different."

To John McDermott — who collaborated with Eddie Kramer, Jimi's ally behind the boards, on *Setting The Record Straight* (1992), and *Sessions* (1995) — the latest courtroom tango gives the family some well-earned freedom from the baggage attached to much of the guitarist's posthumous work.

"I think the family has a chance to address creative concerns that they've wanted some input on — like merchandising, for instance, and licensing music for films, because they were always denied that," he says. "To be in the position of having no input on a T-shirt design — was crazy."

"They have a love, obviously, for Jimi that's very deep, they're respectful of the music Jimi created, and they want to preserve his image, as much as possible."

For associates like Mitchell, and Redding — who signed away their copyrights during the 70s for \$300,000, and \$100,000 respectively — and Kramer, who oversaw many classic Hendrix sessions, the outcome promises some reward for all their labors.

"Well, hopefully, I've been told, once they (the new estate) sort out all the entanglements, that I'll be getting some royalties," says Redding. "I signed a release — then I found out, about three years ago, that it was basically fraudulent. Hopefully, it'll all change now."

"I think I may have said this before — at last, justice has been served," observes Kramer. "It's high time that the family has gotten back what is rightfully theirs. It should never have gone to Alan Douglas in the first place — to try and give him credit is a struggle for me. For causing controversy, maybe."

That sentiment goes double for Miles, who found himself squeezed out of the creative picture in January, 1970 — after the all-black BOG lineup of himself, Cox and Hendrix folded after four legendary shows at New York City's Fillmore East, and a disastrous Madison Square Garden benefit gig there.

"He (Al) got cheated for 20 years by people who didn't give a damn about him," charges Miles. "The world knows I'm one of Jimi's most dangerous weapons — every book, as far as I'm concerned, is not even a good documentary. They weren't musical, and they didn't hang out with him, so how could they know? I was damn near married to this man."

To the former Band Of Gypsies drummer, "Jimi Hendrix is one of the most misunderstood, and most definitely, one of the greatest artists that's been totally pimped, as far as what he's about. Let's forget about Buddy Miles, OK? If he were alive today, he'd be the black Elvis."

The latter comment is hardly a rhetorical one, especially when considering how deeply Jimi's fingerprints reach out to new generations of six-stringers, who swear their allegiance accordingly. When it comes down to sheer influence, Jimi is virtually without peers — as proven by the rock 'n' roll community's widely differing application of his songwriting and production techniques.

Rappers like Digital Underground have needed little incentive to sample classic soundbites like *Band Of Gypsies*' (Capitol STAO-472, 4/70) romping leadoff showcase, "Who Knows." Nor have rockers like Living Colour, Prince, Red Hot Chili Peppers and Stevie Ray Vaughan required any persuasion to cover the cream of Jimi's back catalogue; "Purple Haze" alone, arguably the gui-

"Well, for us, it's (about) family honor. We feel that Jimi created the music, because the world says Jimi's a great icon, and a hero of music — but we lost a close family member, and that makes it different."



TOP: Steve Vai, Al Hendrix and Vernon Reid 11/21/91 at ceremonies awarding Jimi Hendrix star on Hollywood Walk of Fame. ABOVE: Also from Hollywood Walk of Fame ceremony, Leon Hendrix with Al Hendrix. Photos by Harold Sherrick/Flower Children.

tarist's signature anthem, has been covered over 40 times. The hit-or-miss posthumous albums haven't appreciably dented Jimi's popularity, thanks to his dedication to breaking down whatever musical barriers existed. As the man himself once told *Beat Instrumental*: "There's only two kinds of music... good and bad" (January, 1968).

For Kramer, that freewheeling approach remains an important benchmark amid today's renewed emphasis on clarity and crispness. While he won't quarrel with that aesthetic, Kramer's careful to denote where it originated — by using whatever resources existed. That was no easy task, as he recalls: "Quite frankly, that was the joy, and the challenge, of working with someone like Jimi. I didn't have many tools at my disposal, not like we have today — I think that the proliferation of instant flanging, instant reverb, instant delay really impinges on creativity. We had to make do — we only had four

tracks when we were recording. When I look back on it, I'm amazed we were able to do all that!

"In the larger context of working with a man like Hendrix — one doesn't get that opportunity every day. I was obviously lucky to be in the right place, at the right time. It was a daily struggle to get things to sound like Jimi wanted them to sound."

In simple terms, the settlement establishes a new creative regime to oversee the handling of Jimi's legacy, an awesomely complicated task, by any measure.

"I know that it's a concern, and I know what the fans are saying," says Hendrix-Wright, "and for us, we want to treat Jimi's music with loving ears — that's our goal. Is it up to par with what Jimi wanted? If you look at his first albums, they're classics, because he took those few extra minutes."

What follows is a trip through Jimi's legacy, and what it means to those

who lived his life and times.

The Business Haze: An Abbreviated Tour

To understand last year's courtroom fireworks more completely, and their impact on the major players, it becomes necessary to work backward from Jimi's final week in London, where he sought advice on freeing himself of his notorious manager, the late Michael Jeffrey.

As recounted in *Setting The Record Straight*, Jimi had expressed a growing desire to rid himself of Jeffrey, and rekindle his former creative team of Kramer, and original manager/producer Charles "Chas" Chandler.

At the same time, however, Jimi appeared unwilling to resolve the issue definitively. His death — without a will — also insured that Jeffrey, the very man he mistrusted, would have a prominent role in overseeing what happened to his legacy.

When a New York court declared Al the sole heir, he found himself staring at a nearly-empty kitty; for starters, nobody, including Jeffrey, seemed to know what had become of the \$400,000 earned on Jimi's last UK / European tour. The original estimate of Jimi's total worth (\$20,000) seemed a far cry from the psychedelic splendor of outdoor counter-cultural blowouts like Monterey Pop, or Woodstock, where the guitarist had flown his freak flag for hundreds of thousands.

Al's problems hardly ended there. Judging by the number of pending paternity claims, Jimi seemed rock's most potent-ever standard bearer — who now found himself being dunned for New York City and state back taxes. On a more pressing note, Al had to decide the fate of his late son's most visible investment, New York City's Electric Lady Studios — which had been envisioned as Jimi's creative home, born out of a partnership with Jeffrey.

As shown in *Record*, attorney Henry Steingarten's December 24, 1969 memo on Electric Lady's financing matter-of-factly ticked off the problems, starting with the \$275,000 needed to complete it (versus an estimated \$644,000 construction price). To stay within the 50-50 arrangement, Jimi would pony up \$213,000, and Jeffrey, \$62,000, Steingarten reckoned — which could be funded on royalty advances from Warner Brothers.

In the end, Jeffrey assumed full responsibility for Electric Lady for \$240,000 and a pledge to continue under the terms of Warner Brothers' mortgage, since Al had expressed little interest in running the studio.

That left him free to concentrate on settling a raft of outstanding claimants to Jimi's legacy; the most prominent ones, Mitchell, and Redding, alleged their own incomes had been diverted to an offshore company, Yameta, to keep Jimi afloat — and Jeffrey in cash. Its originator? Yet another attorney with links to Jeffrey, John Hillman. Its location? Nassau, in The Bahamas. Its purpose, and officers? Safe from the prying eyes of Jimi's colleagues, thanks to the Bahamian banking laws, which assure total confidentiality in such matters.

Redding's frustration in tracking down his lost income only deepened when his lawyer, Mickey Shapiro, uncovered a number of checks, made out to various individuals, often for unexplained purposes. However, Shapiro's mid-'70s trip never unearthed the names of Jimi's rhythm partners on any of them, even

MORE»



**"...That was the joy,
and the challenge, of working
with someone like Jimi.
I didn't have many tools
at my disposal, not like we
have today... We had to
make do—we only had four
tracks when we were
recording. When I look
back on it, I'm amazed we
were able to do all that!"**

ABOVE: Eddie Kramer

though the guitarist himself had technically only been an employee of Yameta, to whom he surrendered close to 40 percent of his gross income.

"It's obviously gonna take a while to sort out all the offshore companies," says Redding, "because the new estate doesn't know as much as I do—because I keep everything, all my papers, all my receipts.

"John Hillman is now in prison for fraud—it's the second time. He ripped £80,000 (\$120,000 US) off an old actress. He got six months, because he was of (advanced) age. And he was the guy that set up Yameta! That proves what kind of people were around the Experience, I think."

Those receipts may also come in handy for Chandler, who benefited from the '90s most surprising recent Hendrix discovery—64 boxes of multi-track masters, including some unheard Mitchell and Redding compositions, that have never seen daylight. They surfaced during the demolition of their legendary studio birthplace, Olympic, home to many top-flight '60s bands—including the Beatles, and The Rolling Stones. Its walls also gave birth to Jimi's first two albums, *Are You Experienced?* (Track 612 001, 5/67), and *Axis: Bold As Love* (Reprise RS 6281, 1/68).

Those same tapes may also come benefit from a newly-cooperative spirit concerning all things Hendrix. Chandler himself had exited the picture in early 1968, frustrated by the slow progress of Jimi's next LP, *Electric Ladyland* (Reprise 2RS 6307, 10/68), and increasingly uneasy of his own relationship with Jeffrey.

"Chas Chandler *does* have some tapes—as do a number of other people out there," confirms McDermott, "and the family wants to give them a chance to come forward, and make a deal that's best for all."

Kramer has more than an inkling of what's in those boxes, while remaining circumspect about their contents. "Some of them—suffice to say, whatever will be released first, when a deal is finally consummated with a record company of the family's choice—that stuff is f---ing dynamite, awesome, and that's all I can say at this time," he says.

Time has dimmed Redding's memory of those tapes, but hardly his appreciation. "He'll (Chandler) obviously

have to be in contact with the new estate. I think they call 'em outtakes—there's a few tracks that had a mistake on, or that fall apart halfway through."

A far odder third-party casualty is Jerry Goldstein, the man who filmed the JHE's celebrated Royal Albert Hall shows in London, February, 1969, with his then-partner, Steve Gold. Having established himself as a merchandiser of posters and tour books through his company, The Visual Thing, Goldstein later produced a string of seminal funk hits for War, while the staggering pile of 16mm film (about 90,000 feet, according to *Record*) remained entangled by the peculiar politics involving Jimi's legacy after his death.

That mainly occurred, according to McDermott, because of Jeffrey's willingness to let *anyone* film Jimi, only to be denied a talent release unless they accepted a below-par deal. As a result, numerous people owned negatives which they had no authority to release, a fact that complicated producer Joe Boyd's life immeasurably in compiling Warner Brothers' "Film About Jimi Hendrix" (1973).

For his part, Goldstein had repeatedly sought to block the inclusion of any live Royal Albert Hall tracks on the posthumous albums (*Hendrix: In The West* has two, "Little Wing," and "Voodoo Child [Slight Return]"). Warner Brothers thought it had the matter settled in 1979, only to see the can of worms reopen in 1982, when *The Jimi Hendrix Concerts* double-LP (Reprise 22306-1, 8/82) wound up including another pair of Royal Albert Hall tracks ("Stone Free" and "Bleeding Heart"). The former Hendrix estate had also sued to stop Goldstein from releasing the film, or a projected soundtrack LP. And so on, and so on, until last year's events, which now leave Goldstein, (minus Gold), free to make his own deal. The issue is particularly important, given the widely varying quality of most "official" Hendrix film footage ("Rainbow Bridge," anyone?).

How does the Goldstein footage rate? "No question absolutely—that's the bookend of Monterey Pop," says McDermott. "Without question, it's a wonderful piece of film that should be out."

Redding heartily agrees: "I was looking at the Internet about that (recently). Jerry Goldstein has the film, and he's been in contact with the new estate. This is really good, whereas everything else on 16-track that I've seen, it's not that good."

Now rewind again, back to 1971 and Leo Branton Jr.'s arrival on the scene, which profoundly affected the handling of Jimi's legacy for two decades. With Jeffrey's own untimely passing in a March, 1973 airplane crash, his onerous chores of overseeing the tape vaults fell to Alan Douglas, who'd put his own controversial spin on their packaging, and production.

Of the seven posthumous LPs available in 1974, when Douglas officially entered the picture, Kramer produced four: *The Cry Of Love* (Reprise MS 2034, 3/71), *Rainbow Bridge* (Reprise MS 2040, 10/71), *Hendrix: In The West* (Reprise MS 2049, 2/72) and *War Heroes* (Reprise 2103, 12/72). He also mixed a fifth, the decidedly iffy live *Isle Of Wight* LP (Polydor 2302 016, 11/71).

In the eyes of Jimi's closest collaborators, that same generosity of issuing whatever tracks remained hardly extended to them. Disheartened by the barrel-scraping sounds afflicting the latter-period Jeffrey product, Kramer quietly excused himself from any further association with it after *War Heroes*. As previously mentioned, Mitchell and Redding sold their copyrights away, rather than

shoulder the burden of lengthy and costly litigation. For his part, Cox has never even theoretically shared in the compensation sweepstakes for his countless in-studio labors as Jimi's primary bassist in 1969-70. He'd been a salaried musician, while Miles realized some publishing income from his two *Band Of Gypsies* contributions, "Them Changes" and "We Gotta Live Together."

But such small boosts are hardly sufficient, as the former BOG drummer makes abundantly clear: "I took a chance when I joined the Band Of Gypsies. When Jimi died, y'know what happened to Buddy Miles? I had people trying to blackball Buddy Miles—I've never been mentioned as one of the forgers of the San Francisco sound. I'm probably one of Jimi Hendrix's greatest ambassadors, as far as I'm concerned."

As might be guessed from this roll call of grievances, there is enough ill will to supply a river, something the family is keen on changing, says McDermott. "It's a big job, especially because it's (the legacy) been damaged, and it needs repair," he says. "It just needs to be positively reinforced, and hopefully, it'll be (the new estate's) future direction."

"I think Buddy, Billy and Noel have a nice relationship with the family, and there is a realization they've all been through a bad thing—and they can be nothing but ambassadors."

Last year's events will surely go a long way toward that ideal; for insiders and noninitiates alike, the case promised a bumper crop of courtroom fireworks given the former estate's contention that Jimi would only have been another '60s "golden oldie" without Douglas's involvement.

In response, luminaries, like Pearl Jam guitarists Stone Gossard and Mike McCready, Carlos Santana and critic Dave Marsh stood ready to affirm that the bulwark of Jimi's reputation rests on the five LPs he released during his lifetime, not Douglas works like *Crash Landing*, and *Midnight Lightning* (Reprise MS 2229, 11/75). The settlement made their efforts unnecessary, even if the issues involved appeared messy; in simple terms, Al alleged that Branton sold his son's legacy for all time, 20 years ago, including 200 master tapes which fell into the hands of PMSA (Presentaciones Musicales SA), a Panamanian holding company, one also represented by Branton. Such trading raised that old music business spectre, "conflict of interest."

Al asserted he'd been short-changed, since his lifetime payments (\$50,000 per year, according to nearly all estimates) represented just ten percent of the legacy's total worth. He further alleged that Douglas actively tracked down any existing film and tape footage to buttress what many had come to regard as an increasingly watered-down parade of posthumous albums.

Not so, argued Branton; not only did Al realize what he was selling, he stood to make \$9 million alone on reversionary rights to the catalogue (after 28 years, copyrights revert back to the artists, or their estate). More importantly, Al's annual payments provided a shield against third party claims, the lawyer asserted.

For his part, Douglas never claimed to be second-guessing Jimi's artistic intentions; he'd simply been hired to fix a quality control problem. From his viewpoint, *Crash Landing's* sales (450,000) had done just that, doubling those of *War Heroes*, and even 10,000 more than *Rainbow Bridge*, which had the advantage of more recent studio tracks to support its contents.

And so the volleys went, round

and round and round, until last fall's settlement, which essentially means the presence of a new creative regime, one determined to hew more closely to Jimi's rigorous aesthetic standards. Exit Branton, Douglas and company; enter the Hendrix family, and advisors, to revamp the process of cataloging, indexing and reissuing the legacy. As Hendrix-Wright makes clear, the new estate is not in any particular hurry, since the task is so massive: "Again, our whole strategic plan is being thought out by our advisors, but all these things are being carefully considered. There's a lot on the table, a lot of new and exciting things, and I think the fans are going to be excited."

"They're just going to have to be patient; we only won the case a few months ago!"

With any more business references safely off to one side, let us now examine the posthumous albums which caused so much trouble and turmoil, and their impact on Jimi's legacy.

The Posthumous Haze: In Whose Memory?

Tracking down the cream of Jimi's posthumous work is often a thankless, dreary job, if only for their contradictory selections and misleading titles. *Rainbow Bridge* bills itself as the "Original Motion Picture Soundtrack," implying it came from Jimi's July 30, 1970 Hawaiian concerts done to salvage the film; it's not. *Hendrix: In The West*'s contents only partially justify its title, since two tracks come from a February 24, 1969 Royal Albert Hall show, and two more from *Isle of Wight* (August 30, 1970).

Want more examples? *Band Of Gypsies 2* (Capitol ST-12416, 10/86), one of the most prominent Douglas flops, only features the Cox-Hendrix-Miles Band Of Gypsies lineup on three out of six tracks. The liner notes of *Experience* (Ember 5057, UK-only, 8/71), another curious obscurity from Albert Hall, went one better in claiming the contents as "... probably the last recorded sounds of Jimi Hendrix!"

Then there are puzzling throwaways like *Loose Ends* (Polydor 2310 301, UK-only, 2/74), which randomly slapped together obviously unfinished demos ("Jam 292," "Burning Desire"), off-the-cuff studio fun (a raggedy take on "Blue Suede Shoes"), and the odd obscurity (another take of "Electric Ladyland"; Jimi's last Dylan cover, "Drifter's Escape"), without cohesion, or explanation. Another non-charting flop, *Loose Ends* had the unwelcome distinction of being unissued in America and Canada, after the original estate rejected it out of hand. More than two decades later, Branton found the album distasteful enough to brand it "a piece of junk" for *Guitar World's* July, 1995 cover story on the legal maneuverings.

Nor did Jimi's well-documented habit for marathon studio jamming provide the only posthumous fodder. When studio-quality masters were in short supply, Jimi's incendiary live gigs took up the slack, starting with *Woodstock* (Cotillion SD 3500, US, 6/70), a #1 chart resident (68 weeks) – and the groundbreaking Monterey Pop Festival set of 1967, preserved on *Historic Performances* (Reprise MS 2029, 9/70), which carved a respectable #16 niche stateside (20 weeks).

The slide began with *Isle of Wight* (Polydor 2302 016, UK, 11/71), which fell off the UK charts after just two weeks at #17. By consensus, the massive open-air affair was hardly Jimi's finest hour – he took the stage at around 3 a.m., jet-

lagged and without the benefit of a day's rehearsal – yet it has also maintained a curious cult standing, once again mislabeled as "the last-ever gig"; one presumes that an impersonator did the remaining six gigs of that final European outing!

The album contains some decent moments, notably "All Along The Watch Tower," and "Freedom" (deleted from the Spanish pressing, incidentally, by government censors!); it also contains some dubious ones, as shown by the conclusion of an overlong "Midnight Lightning" / "Foxy Lady" medley often second-guessed by security personnel voices breaking into the amps. Kramer found its creation so distasteful that he refused to allow his name to appear in connection with the LP.

By contrast, the *Rainbow Bridge* and *Cry Of Love* releases had had the advantage of utilizing nearly-finished compositions; the latter work (Reprise MS 2034, US, 3/71) justly reached a #3 US chart position, thanks to prime tracks like "Freedom," "Straight Ahead," "Ezy Rider," "Astro Man" – all joyfully rocking, straightforward throwdowns, by any standard – and gentler, more reflective fare, including "Angel" and the bluesy "Belly Button Window." It logged 39 weeks altogether.

While *Rainbow Bridge* lacked its predecessor's cohesion, it also boasted several classics; its undoubted highlight came in a 12 minute raid through "Hear My Train A-Comin," taken from Jimi's May 30, 1970 Berkeley, California show, and a decent peak at in-progress works like the gospel-ish "Earth Blues," the laidback instrumental "Pali Gap" and "Hey Baby (Land Of The New Rising Sun)," a major showpiece of his final UK / European tour. The LP earned enough plaudits to make #15 US (21 weeks), and #16 UK (10 weeks).

War Heroes (Polydor 2302 020, UK, 1/72) also boasted some nice surprises, like the all-out funk of "Midnight," and Mitchell's own "Beginnings," yet the public's patience seemed to be tapering off; the final Kramer-produced LP entered the UK charts at #40, peaked at #23 and disappeared after three weeks. US fans responded somewhat more appreciatively, giving *War Heroes* a top #48 position (18 weeks) on its release here in September, 1972.

By then, Kramer had wearied of the whole business: "I produced four

posthumous albums, and each album got progressively worse, for lack of good material. I felt that if there was anything good, I'd be interested in working with the tapes again, if something good could be dug up. With 25 years hindsight, my attitude has softened to it. Is it something the public enjoyed? Maybe. Could it have been done better? Absolutely."

The lows continued with "Film About Jimi Hendrix's" accompanying 2-LP soundtrack (Reprise 2RS 6481, US, 7/73); while doing a decent job of collating Jimi's better onstage moments, sales peaked at #89 US (18 weeks), while UK fans gave it the heave-ho after one week at #37. After *Rainbow Bridge's* showcase "Dolly Dagger" / "Star Spangled Banner" single (Reprise 1044, US, 10/71) peaked at #74 (seven weeks), no others went near a chart. For many, *Loose Ends'* scattershot compilation methods, and stop-frame cover of its famous subject, seemingly asleep, had been the final straw. After Jeffrey's regime, the popular argument ran, his successor could hardly do any worse.

Enter Alan Douglas, our story's most controversial player, after the estate heard he'd overseen assorted Hendrix sessions in the summer of 1969, and the Band Of Gypsies' rehearsals that same autumn. His promotion to curator of the flame seemed a breathtaking one, since he'd formally withdrawn from any involvement with Jimi in a December 4, 1969 letter, citing his own heavy schedule and problems with Jeffrey.

Like Branton, Douglas would profoundly influence the development of Jimi's legacy; his first project, *Crash Landing*, earned him plenty of enemies for its eagerness to overdub sessionmen onto old Mitchell/Redding or Cox/Miles rhythm tracks. Nor did Douglas simply stop there; if necessary, he arranged the order of some songs, and, in one case, included a track ("Captain Coconut") that had actually been created from three different instrumentals. Not surprisingly, such tactics provoked howls of critical outrage from publications like the UK music weekly *Melody Maker*, whose August 30, 1975 issue thundered: "Is there morality in rock 'n' roll?" Yet such broadsides, and the album's paltry 29 minute, 46 second running time, failed to stop *Crash Landing* from reaching a #5 chart position.

While Douglas claimed the

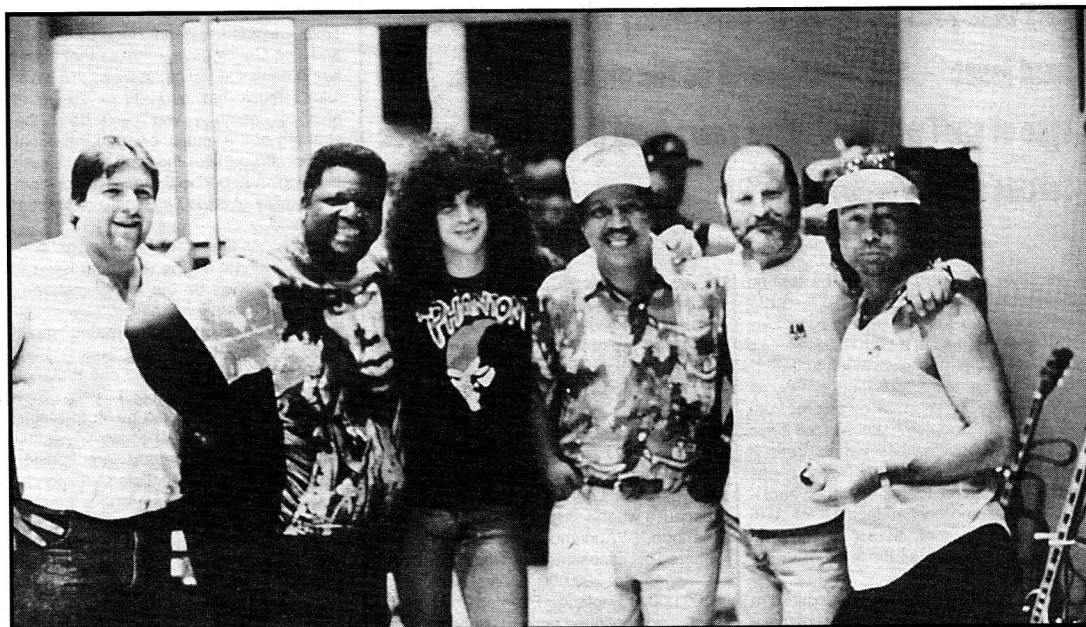
"With 25 years hindsight, my attitude has softened to it. Is it something the public enjoyed? Maybe. Could it have been done better? Absolutely."

tape's tempo and tuning problems had irrevocably cast the die for revamping them so drastically, he showed no compunction about annexing Jimi's mystique to those methods. Interview after interview promoted Douglas to "producer," along with subtle jabs at the newly-replaced contributors, such as this BBC Radio soundbite: "Hendrix's problem was that he used to pull the rhythm section all the time... he constantly had to go back into the rhythm patterns himself to keep it moving at the intensity he wanted."

Not surprisingly, the issue of Douglas' involvement remains a sensitive subject for Kramer. When asked to evaluate his successor's approach, he responds: "Never heard of him! That's the short answer." And the long one? "It's difficult for me to give an answer, because I have so much animosity for what Douglas did – I feel that his approach was dishonest," says Kramer, "musically, and

MORE»

ABOVE: L-R John McDermott, Buddy Miles, Slash, Billy Cox, Eddie Kramer and Paul Rodgers together for *Stone Free: A Tribute To Jimi Hendrix* on Reprise.



"As time goes on, Douglas' personality will not be the dominant issue — Jimi's music will be the main emphasis. That type of stuff will pass. Five years from now, nobody will be talking about *Voodoo Soup*."

ethically. I don't think that he served Jimi's memory very well. That's (*Crash Landing*) one of the most egregious examples, to me. It's crap, basically — it could have been done so much better."

The same question draws an understandably sharper response from Miles: "Alan Douglas? Let me put it this way: Alan Douglas has always been a nice, distant friend. Alan Douglas has done some favors for me over the years — but I don't know what to think of Alan Douglas. He took tracks of me and replaced them with all these other drummers, dah, dah, dah."

As for Redding, he exhibits a more detached view of *Landing's* contents: "I've got my copies, but I haven't listened to see if any of my tracks are on there."

To many, the follow-up Douglas release, *Midnight Lightning* (Reprise MS 2229, 11/75), unacceptably pushed the envelope of what could be done with obviously unfinished attempts like "Blue Suede Shoes," the title track's tongue-in-cheek risqué nursery rhyme lyrics, and a messy plod through "Machine Gun," showcased to far better effect on *Band Of Gypsies*. Still other tracks, like the softly bluesy "Once I Had A Woman," required extensive in-studio rearrangement, begging the question of why they'd been included.

This time around, responses were far chillier; *Midnight Lightning* peaked at #43 US (11 weeks), and flopped in the UK, once again roasted by *Melody Maker*: "Let us be rid of these turbulent producers." Its timing seemed especially unfortunate in light of Warner Brothers' deletion of *Rainbow Bridge*, *In The West* and *War Heroes*, whose contents could arguably have been condensed into a far superior compilation album than *Midnight Lightning*.

Even Douglas acknowledged its shortcomings a year later: "It's just not thoroughly enjoyable, and it's not the best of Hendrix." The fallout saw him switch to assembling compilations, *Essential Jimi Hendrix Volume I* (Reprise 2RS 2245, US, 7/78), and *II* (Reprise 2RS 2793, US, 7/79), which peaked at #114 and #156 US, respectively. The following year, he began concentrating on reissuing live material, beginning with the in-studio blowout of *Nine To The Universe* (Reprise HS 2299, 3/80). While too abstract to capture the public fancy (top position: #127 US, seven weeks), it does offer a decent snapshot of what happened when Jimi sparred with Cox, Miles, Mitchell and late jazz organist Larry Young behind a studio door, freed of the obligations to crank out "Purple Haze" every night. *Universe* also marked Warner's last crack at the posthumous reissue sweepstakes, since its deal with Douglas ended in 1981.

He had much better luck with *The Jimi Hendrix Concerts*, which sought to segue Jimi's best-known standbys into an "all-time" onstage compilation (#16 US, five weeks), and *Live At Winterland* (Rykodisc RCD 20038, 5/87), a single-CD condensation of highlights from The Experience's two-week blowout at the famed San Francisco venue. Most impressively of all, the single CD, *Radio*

One (Rykodisc RCD 20078, US, 11/88) impressively delivered on an oft-rumored promise to finally air the cream of Jimi's 1967-68 radio sessions, which had long been a favorite of bootleggers.

Redding holds *Radio One* in particularly high esteem among Experience releases, "because it was live," he says, "but — on one of the tracks ('Day Tripper,' a Beatles cover), they said it was John Lennon singing, it was me because when I sing, it sounds faintly like Lennon." Audiences on both shores shared his assessment of *Radio One*, and snapped up 300,000 copies here, and 100,000 in England. Even so, the barrel-scraping continued amid these belated triumphs with the dubiously-titled *Band Of Gypsies 2*, and an inexplicable EP in *Johnny B. Goode* (Capitol MLP 15022, 8/86), whose skimpy smattering of previously-available live tracks failed to make any chart noises whatsoever.

Such exercises paled in comparison to the ire which greeted MCA's *Voodoo Soup* compilation last year. Once again, Douglas appeared to give his critics ample ammunition for their rebukes, starting with the absence of several-known 1969-70 tracks that had appeared on the earlier posthumous LPs. "Dolly Dagger?" In Douglas' view, "the song just doesn't work today," ditto for "Straight Ahead," which "sounds f---ing corny," the former estate's producer told *Guitar World* last year. He similarly passed over "Izabella" ("It's in a key that's too high for him to sing"), "Beginnings" ("... he kicked it on Woodstock"), "My Friend" ("Ridiculous") and "Earth Blues" ("I felt it was too dated").

When asked to explain these omissions, Douglas justified them on the basis of market research he'd done for Polygram's European outlet in 1992, which purportedly established 60 percent of Jimi's audience as being under 20 years old. "I don't believe that these kids give a shit about what was happening 25 years ago," he insisted to *Guitar World*. "They're not interested. There's no nostalgia. There's no retrospective attachment." That lack of attachment apparently also supported reissuing Hendrix's back catalogue on MCA with spanking new covers, presumably because their older, more psychedelic counterparts might baffle today's twentysomethings.

Such self-conscious tweaking didn't end there; the biggest eyebrows rose last at Gary's brief drumming cameos, which evoked unpleasant associations with the *Crash Landing* and *Midnight Lightning* fiascos. But, rightly or wrongly, Douglas took full responsibility for the work. "What do you want me to do — take everybody's attitude?" he asked *Guitar World's* Andy Aledort. "I'm not making records for guitar players — I have to make a record for everyone."

The wildly differing quality of Jimi's posthumous releases almost begs the question: how much damage occurred, or didn't, after Douglas' involvement?

To McDermott, the ironclad durability of Jimi's original back catalogue

— *Are You Experienced?*, *Axis: Bold As Love*, *Electric Ladyland*, *Band Of Gypsies* and *The Cry Of Love* — makes that question a nonissue. "The issue is," he says, "Jimi's music has endured for 25 years after his death — you can't deny the strength of the music, and the individual tracks. If you take the long view, *Crash Landing* and *Voodoo Soup* will never have the viability of *Band Of Gypsies* or *Electric Ladyland*."

"As time goes on, Douglas' personality will not be the dominant issue — Jimi's music will be the main emphasis. That type of stuff will pass. Five years from now, nobody will be talking about *Voodoo Soup*."

If so, what should one make of Branton's contention last year that Douglas' involvement did much to resurrect interest in Jimi, especially when the Jeffrey era's chart returns are considered? "That's grossly inflated," responds McDermott. "*Electric Ladyland* is *Electric Ladyland*. I think that Jimi's music has validity, and that's something that Douglas could never quite understand. What did *Midnight Lightning* do to make *Are You Experienced?* so much better?"

Redding understandably takes issue with the former estate's argument, but from a different standpoint — mainly, those who've seen him gigging lately. "The Experience created some really good music," he says, "and the music of today hasn't been that good for the last 10-15 years, and younger people have picked up on the Experience's music. Yeah, and I still play all over the place — you get audiences my age, and half my age. It's really weird."

Hendrix-Wright prefers to keep the focus positive. "I'm not into badgering people, or bashing them — we'll try to keep Jimi's music as authentic as possible, as he wanted it to be heard," she says.

For many fans, the best way of correcting Douglas' past transgressions might involve the same route undertaken by the surviving Beatles, who employed digital technology to graft new vocal and instrumental tracks onto John Lennon's "Free As A Bird" demo. Why not, then, do something similar with Jimi's choicer unissued outtakes, like the 1970 New York demo recently unearthed by Redding ("I'm playing guitar on it, as well.")? Surely, the result could only be an easy #1, and a restoration of goodwill capital used up on the Douglas albums.

McDermott thinks otherwise. "I can tell you, I know of no efforts to do anything like that," he says. "I think the public is sophisticated enough to know that if a track doesn't have a bassline, or a guitar, it's the way it was. To me, it's a nonissue. I think they (the family) want to make

sure the albums are mastered correctly, and are technically done right."

In McDermott's eyes, there are enough unissued hours of studio and live material that could withstand the temptation of any additional posthumous touchups. "I can tell you, it's a fairly tricky thing, as shown by the 'Free As A Bird' thing," he says. "While it was nice to see those guys (the surviving Beatles) working together again, it might have been better for them to cover the John Lennon song."

Devil's advocates might suggest the only thing that separates the posthumous drumming contributions of Bruce Gary and Mitch Mitchell is a 25-year span. "Mitch had the opportunity to do stuff like that with 'Angel,' or 'Drifting' (on *The Cry Of Love*) — but he did that while it was fresh in his mind, not years later," he responds. Where does that leave Gary? "I think he (Jimi) would have gagged at the thought of that (Gary's involvement)," adds McDermott.

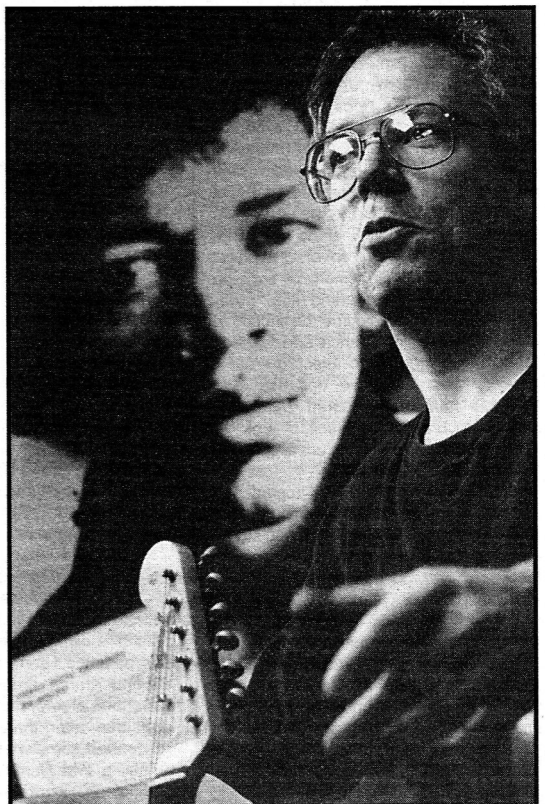
In the biographer's opinion, the only way you could justify such tinkering is "if there's something you can fix technically, and was of crucial importance (to a track)."

"Otherwise, it might be best to leave the contents alone, and leave it at that," says McDermott. "It's a big job," he avers, "especially because it's (the legacy) been damaged, and it needs repair. It just needs to be positively reinforced, and hopefully, it'll be the future direction."

The Essential Haze: Collecting The Voodoo

For Bob Terry, nothing ever beat the thrill of catching rock's own "Voodoo Child" in his natural element — onstage.

"I saw him on May 18, 1969, at the Rhode Island Auditorium, in Providence (Rhode Island)," he recalls. "I knew he was good, but when I saw him, that really reinforced it." Since that magical evening, the 40-year-old Terry has



ABOVE: Bob Terry. Photo: © Darrow Montgomery

parlayed his fourth row experience into an expertise on all things Hendrix – and a collection that many consider the most far-reaching nationally, if not worldwide.

Its depth ranges from the obvious (3,000 LPs alone, bootleg and legitimate, from all over the world), to the personal (the pants he sported onstage at Woodstock, in 1969; the kimono seen by millions of "Dick Cavett Show" viewers that same year), to the mundane (two empty Salem cigarette packs, accompanied by a letter swearing that Jimi actually smoked their contents). And that doesn't begin to include the numerous secondary items associated with rock's late, great guitarist, like concert posters, handbills and writings.

As the reader will understand shortly, it's hardly a world for the casual collector to enter. Hunting down Hendrix records and relics demands an awesome level of commitment, creativity and cash flow, as demonstrated by the sky-high prices of some recent auctions. For example, the white Stratocaster employed at Woodstock – which the guitarist reportedly gave as a present to his drummer, Mitch Mitchell – fetched a cool £198,000 (\$340,000 US) when auctioned at Sotheby's, in London, 1990. On a less expensive note, former road manager Eric Barrett also entered the game in 1986 – when he sold a black, left-handed Gibson Flying V Model used for melodic and blues numbers on the 1970 US and UK tours to Dallas' Hard Rock Cafe, for \$11,000.

Inevitably, as prices heat up, so does the competition – particularly from Seattle billionaire Paul Allen, who's already acquired more than 5,000 related artifacts for a projected Hendrix museum. (On a side note, the Microsoft billionaire has been accused of funding the new estate's lawsuit to help stock his new museum; the point became moot after both parties broke off further dealings.)

Such high-powered acquisition efforts come in stark contrast to collectors like Terry, who began his efforts while Hendrix was still alive, when prices were far less formidable. To further his collecting interests, Terry mowed lawns and shoveled snow during his teen years, before he became an electrician's apprentice. As a cash-strapped college student, he began saving money for record conventions; to avoid spending money on motels, Terry would stay up all night so he could be on hand when the doors opened up. Those guerrilla strategies eventually became supplanted by Terry's longtime engineering career, whose professional income allowed more opportunity to pursue his passion for Hendrixiana.

Somewhat farther behind in the collecting sweepstakes is a fellow East Coast resident, Cordell Dickerson, whose two-person D.C. Hendrix Society lacks the resources to pursue its goal of reestablishing the guitarist back in the black, urban blues tradition, rather than leaving him as a classic rock icon for largely white audiences to appreciate. Its *Eleven Moons* newsletter remains the major expression of that mission, for the time being. For similar reasons, Ken Voss, of Indianapolis, Indiana, has also backed off from serious collecting efforts, while continuing to run the Jimi Hendrix Information Management Institute (JIMI) from his home there. The Institute, which functions like a clearinghouse for Hendrix-related clippings, records and other paraphernalia, collates these activities in a quarterly publication, *Voodoo Child*.

While Hendrix fans understandably associate him with the records issued during, and after, his lifetime, those items aren't necessarily the top priority for hard-

core collectors, in Terry's view. "The echelon of Hendrix, and most rock groups, is really the personal stuff," he advises. "The epitome would be the guitars, and equipment, that he used; the next would be his personal clothing. The next would be writings, drawings, or doodles. The next would be promo stuff – concert posters, handbills, tickets and programs."

"The next would be press kits, commercial posters that would be obscure, and promotional stuff for his LPs, like *Axis: Bold As Love*. I have a poster promoting that – they only appeared in record stores or other places promoting records. After the promo stuff is when you get into the commercial stuff, (like) books, records and reels. The records are much lower in that echelon, because they're mass-produced, and more common. That's what museums are most interested in – displayable stuff."

The sticker shock sets in immediately for rare promo items – and pressings – from different countries – whose prices can range from \$250-1,000, depending on their condition, rarity and variation. "We can start with *Are You Experienced?*," says Terry. "The first thing would be the US promo, white-label, mono version, which went to radio stations – and, months later, they went over to stereo promos, which are worth hundreds of dollars, because the other stuff was more limited, whereas it became more common with the later ones."

Are You Experienced?, alone, appeared on 15 different labels worldwide, in mono and stereo variations – a good example of why the hardcore Hendrix collector's task is such an awesome, complicated one, according to Terry. The rarest of all these variations, he adds, is the white-label mono pressing for *Axis: Bold As Love*, which Terry assesses at \$700. "They were going from mono to stereo at the time," he says, "and then pulled the regular mono LP to make way for the stereo record."

Fans can also spend a great number of man-hours unearthing all the world's different album pressings – not only the European versions, but from even further afield, like Greece, Spain or Portugal. "Some of the best ones are original issues from South America, like Venezuela, or Chile," says Terry. "They have unique covers, with titles in Spanish. The French Barclay (Records) stuff is also desirable; their *Axis: Bold As Love* (issue) has a nice color shot of him working in the studio. They are all unique, with nice color covers."

Expect to pay \$250-300, and up, for original issues like Barclay's version of *Axis*, assuming they're in mint condition (otherwise, the value dips), notes Terry.

But Barclay doesn't have the rarest color cover, as it happens; that honor goes to *Axis*' original Japanese issue, which features a '67-era Jimi Hendrix Experience (JHE) kitted out in striped pants, for \$1,000. "Another country that did a great job was Japan," says Terry. "Japan puts out very classic, unique releases."

The next major category involves unique one-off compilations, like the Electric Jimi Hendrix LP (Track 2856 002, 1968), a UK-only sampling of *Electric Ladyland* withdrawn almost immediately on release. It's notable for a three-and-four-color shot of Hendrix's face, and fetches \$1,000-1,500, according to Terry. "It's a very rare variation, because Track never pressed that many of them," he says. "It's not a great cover, but it's different than anything else. Nothing to write home about, but rare, nonetheless."

Collectors should also look at some 100 various artist's LPs featuring



Photo: © Darrow Montgomery

one or two Hendrix cuts – like Warner Brothers' in-house *Looney Tunes* compilation, for example. "They contained Hendrix, and whoever was on the label at the time," says Terry, "but – if someone's trying to get as complete a Hendrix collection as they could, this is something they'd have to look at. They were not high-dollar things; some were almost like cutouts. I'd say \$15, in that vicinity."

On the other hand, Hendrix-related radio shows are far more expensive, "because they're promo-only, and they're not supposed to be resold," says Terry. "They're supposed to be for radio people only."

"A rare one that comes to mind is a one-sided *Crawdaddy* interview, with Alan Douglas, when he first got into the picture, 'The Things I Used To Do,' with (Texas blues guitarist) Johnny Winter – which had never been released before, except on bootleg." Figure on paying \$200-300 for the original, if you can find it.

Terry also recommends watching for a boxed-set sampler of 1988's *Lifelines* radio summary of Jimi's career, as does Rock Island's Ron Jackson (Tampa, FL), who puts its value at \$25. Jackson, whose shop primarily traffics in CDs, also recommends the *Westwood One Rarities On CD Volume 1* (\$150-250), and *Volume 14* (\$75-85). "They did 20 volumes in that series, with the Beatles, and The Stones, and the Hendrix ones were the earliest – and hardest – to get," he says. So is a five-track CD culled from Rykodisc's *Radio One* LP, which Jackson puts at \$35-40.

Terry's unimpressed by the unrelenting CD boom, because of its mass-produced nature, though "the Warner Brothers / Reprise stuff would be more desirable, before they went over to MCA," he allows. "Again, that's mass-produced – 20 years from now, it might go up in value, but not now." The Warner Brothers / Reprise CDs should go for about \$15-20, he reckons.

Not everyone wins from Hendrix CDs, agrees Jackson, citing two recent examples: a 5,000 run *Band Of Gypsys* promo, with a numbered gate-fold cover to replicate the original LP jacket, and a "Stepping Stone" promo single, complete with Jimi's cover. "They (retailers) thought they could move them, but they were hard to move for everybody," says Jackson. Just chalk it up to experience, perhaps?

Terry's next major category concerns Hendrix-produced LPs, or projects on which he appears as a sideman. Due to his own crushing personal commitments, Hendrix never really got many chances to work his knob-twiddling magic for others. However, he did manage some interesting one-offs including liner

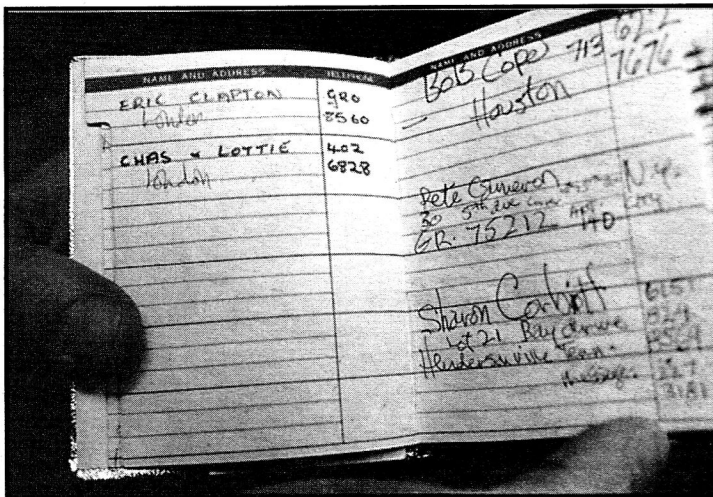
notes for The Buddy Mile's Express' debut, *Expressway To Your Skull* (Mercury SR-61196, 1/69) and four tracks on its follow-up, *Electric Church* (Mercury SR-61222, mid-69). He also managed to mix tracks for Cat Mother & The All Night Newsboys' lone Polydor LP, *The Street Giveth...And The Street Taketh Away* (24-4001, 6/69), which peaked at #55 on the charts, (and briefly confirmed that someone other than Jimi could cement his manager's empire-building aspirations).

Terry short-shrifts the collectibility of these efforts, which aren't that rare, "because it's not Hendrix at his best," he says. "Sometimes, it's not Hendrix at all." His best picks center on the UK version of *Eire Apparent's* lone Sunrise LP (Buddha Records, 203 021, 5/69), which features Hendrix on "Rock 'n' Roll Band," and four other tracks, for \$50 – because its US counterpart (Buddha BDS 5031, 1969) omits the former track – and the McGough & McGear LP (EMI Parlophone PCS 7047, 10/68), a UK-only affair, for \$250, with two Jimi-involved tracks. (Mike McGear, incidentally, adopted his professional surname to avoid unfair comparisons with his far better known sibling, a certain Paul McCartney.)

Another Hendrix guest appearance is far harder to track down, but for different reasons. It came in 1963, on the "My Diary"/"Utee" single (Bevis Records 1013, mid-1965) issued by Love's own black psychedelic ringmaster, Arthur Lee. "That's a tough one," says Terry, "because he's (Hendrix) not even credited on the 45 – he wasn't supposed to do that, contractually. I've only seen one, but there might be a few out there." If you do, expect to pay about \$500.

Not surprisingly, the least desirable guest material involves the myriad upon myriad of LPs where Hendrix backed R 'n' B names like Little Richard, The Isley Brothers and Curtis Knight, during his formative years – with many "new" tracks created by judicious tape editing, if not outright fraud. Thus, a Hendrix imitator handily supplied enough guitar and vocals to create nearly 100 Lonnie Youngblood releases worldwide, while crafty tape edits swelled the 61 live/studio Knight tracks into 100, as well.

Jimi's peripheral involvement on Knight's *Get That Feeling* (Capitol ST 2856, 12/67) and *Flashing / Jimi Hendrix Plays Curtis Knight Sings* (Capitol ST 2894, late 1968) LPs, in particular, caused him a great deal of legal and pecuniary pain. The groundbreaking *Band Of Gypsys* LP ended up satisfying a lawsuit filed by Knight's producer, Ed Chalpin, who asserted that his own PPX



Enterprises had first dibs on Hendrix's artistry, and a right to be compensated for having "lost" the guitarist to Warner Brothers/Reprise Records.

It's not difficult to imagine why nobody wants these low-budget productions cluttering their shelves — "it was before he was popular, and there's so much of it," notes Terry — but, as with any collectible artist, there's an exception to every rule. "There are some Italian albums (of Curtis Knight) with unique covers, even though the material is trash," he says. "They're about \$100, 'cause you never see 'em. The Dutch stuff is the cream of Curtis Knight material — which a lot of people go for, believe it or not, because they get a nice cover they can't get anywhere else."

Otherwise, without such unique packaging, you can't even give away the pre-'67 Knight material, adds Terry — not even one-offs like Knight's own "How Would You Feel?"/"You Don't Want Me" single (London 5.620, 11/67), which was quickly pulled after Track/Polydor threatened to countersue.

Another useful obscurity for the Hendrix completist is *The Army In Sound* (USA-IS 67, late 1967), an American-only armed forces radio show LP. "They had a Defense Department DJ who'd say, 'Let's play a little bit of Purple Haze,' for about 20 seconds," says Terry, "and he'd interview Jimi, and go right to something else. One has Jimi, and one has Noel." Figure on \$100 if you run across either album.

The issuance of such platters seems particularly appropriate, given Hendrix's famed U.S. Army stint — making him the closest thing to a certified rock 'n' roll war hero, though he served during peacetime.

As one might well imagine, Hendrix singles are an entirely different world, says Terry, who's recorded over 200 different picture sleeves from such far-flung locales as Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Guatemala, Mozambique, Poland, and — Iran? Presumably, the latter release could only have been sanctioned under the late Shah's more Western-friendly regime, and not his equally repressive late successor, the Ayatollah Khomeini, as Terry laughingly confirms: "It's (the single) just like a standard thing, 'Hey Joe,' or something like that, on green vinyl, probably mid- to late '70s — they're not too forgiving of crazy psychedelic geniuses!"

In general, the same rough guidelines apply for singles, as well as LPs, says Terry. Acetates, picture sleeves and test pressings considerably boost an item's desirability, as do promo items — which are worth more than their non-promotional cousins.

Here's the cream of American singles, in Terry's estimation:

— "Hey Joe"/"51st Anniversary" (with picture sleeve), which only surfaced a short time before being pulled to make room for "Foxy Lady," on the A-side, with

no picture sleeve: \$400-500 (mint).

— A Christmas medley EP ("Auld Lang Syne"/"Little Drummer Boy"/"Silent Night") issued by Alan Douglas on a 7" single, with picture sleeve, during the '70s. Ironically, bootleggers latched onto it for a 7" picture disc, before the contents resurfaced as a promo-only 12". The original 7" is worth the most (probably \$200, minimum," says Terry), and the 12" goes for about \$75-100.

— Promo-only radio spots issued on 45s, including *The Cry Of Love* and *Monterey Pop* LPs (\$400). "They produced 'em on vinyl — they don't have too many radio-only 45s," says Terry. They'd usually be 45s for the common person. If you could get a test pressing, they might be worth more — but they don't stand out by themselves."

Somewhat surprisingly, one of Jimi's least-known singles, "Stepping Stone"/"Izabella" (Reprise 0905, 4/70, US-only) — of which only a few copies were ever released, only to be pulled when Hendrix didn't sanction its mix, or release — doesn't rate all that highly, value-wise. "I've seen it going for \$50-75," says Terry. "It was limited, but they did make a bunch of them — it's worth more than the common thing, but it's not super-rare to the hardcore Hendrix fan."

On the foreign side, Japan's singles once again lead the pack, since "they're all unique, and you just don't see 'em that often," says Terry.

The French Barclay label also outdid itself in the mid-'70s, he adds, with a 12-volume singles set of color picture sleeves that feature assorted *Isle Of Wight* shots; "Germany, Holland, Spain and Portugal have some nice stuff, too," says Terry. For these foreign efforts, expect to shell out \$200 or more, *per single*. In general, European and Japanese 45s "are the most desirable — because they're nicely pressed, and have unique color covers," he adds.

Japan also leads the way in what Terry terms "oddball packaged stuff" — like a mid-'70s series issued in laminated film cans that also included a booklet with each record. Thus, Japan gave collectors a truly unique treasure in this double-LP format, allotting one LP per artist for *The Battle Of Jimi Hendrix & The Who*, and *The Battle Of Jimi Hendrix & Deep Purple*. "It's very bizarre — only the Japanese think of this stuff," laughs Terry. "But they use only the highest quality photos and reproductions, not the crap stuff, like a lot of other places do."

Expect to fork over \$400-500, minimum for the Japanese, and other efforts, which also include a nine-LP Taiwanese boxed set; a German package (whose title eludes Terry's memory); and *The Great Jimi Hendrix Live In New York*, a double-LP Dutch effort that features live 1969 color shots of the guitarist.

However, the Japanese did their laminated film can concept one better by issuing the entire Hendrix catalog, "and released 'em again, with different covers," says Terry. Thus, three or four different sets might now be in circulation, with the original appearing in the '60s, followed by an entirely different series of '70s and '80s repackagings. For the truly passionate collector, it most likely means paying \$800 per set. "If you're a completist, there's half a dozen of the same album, with a different cover, and a different (catalog) number," says Terry. "Most people don't want to, or can't find, all the variations — but, if you want to be an archive-type dude, that's what it would take to complete everything."

Somewhat less in demand, and less costly, are bootleg/legitimate picture

discs; of the 20 that Terry has seen, nearly three-quarters of them are illicit affairs, begging the question, "How can you tell?" "It's really hard, but that 7" Christmas EP was an obvious boot," he says. "But it's hard to find, because they boot it 20 years ago — but there weren't that many left over. The UK put out a handful of legitimate ones that you still see." Figure on \$25-50 for bootleg picture discs, \$20-25 for legitimate ones and \$15-20 for Rhino Records' attempt to mine the format.

Such observations also hold true for another obscure format, the four-track reel. "It looked like a cassette, but it was really more like a four-track tape," says Terry. "Only the first four albums were pressed on four-track — and that fell apart, and then, they went over to eight-track." He puts this oddball format on a par with records themselves — because their relatively large numbers make them a lower priority for hardcore Hendrix collectors.

Nothing divides the Hendrix community more than the ever-exploding number of bootleg LPs, which Terry puts at roughly 600, representing 50 different concerts — and, it seems, virtually every squeak of studio time logged in between those commitments. By 1980, most chroniclers had put the number of Hendrix bootlegs at 150 — so, if Terry's current estimate is taken into consideration, that means a roughly fourfold increase in illicit product over the past 15 years.

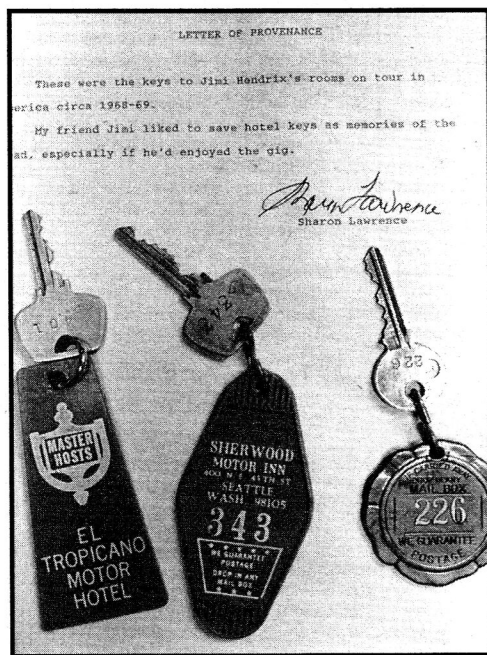
If nothing else, such staggering numbers are all the testimony needed to document the never-ending interest in Hendrix, while posing an undeniably awesome issue for the new estate to address. Put delicately, is it more critical to beat the bootleggers for good, or simply one-up them with slicker, professionally-produced versions of their backroom handiwork?

As even a cursory glance at the titles will establish, the bootleggers make no apologies for their slights of hand — and tape. Numerous references to Jimi's untimely exit (*Goodbye, Jimi; He Was A Friend Of Yours*, another Albert Hall entry; *I Don't Live Today, Maybe Tomorrow; Wink Of An Eye*, which excerpts the last-ever gig at the Isle Of Fehmarn, West Germany, 9/6/70) seem to be the most powerful flag of intent, though the odd crudities crop up, too. How else to explain choices like *The Good Die Young*, a mixed double-LP bag of 1969-70 concert standbys, or the Dutch release of a 1968 Copenhagen gig as *F---in' His Guitar For Denmark?* Like them or not, however, these secretly-manufactured efforts keep on coming, accompanied by varying degrees of packaging, and quality (no small point, considering that live sound recording/mixing had just begun to become a craft in its own right during Jimi's lifetime).

Although it had benefited from America's endorsement of the GATT (General Agreement on Tariffs & Trade) treaty, which now makes global prosecution and pursuit of bootlegging possible, the new estate's mission "is not to beat the bootleggers," says Hendrix-Wright, "our mission is to put out product that people are going to want in their collection."

Much of the recently-booted product seems to originate from Italy, where a peculiar quirk of its law essentially clears the release of live gigs after a number of years elapses. "I've recently been to Italy," says Redding, "and found all those companies are supposed to put royalties into a bank account, and pay the artists. At some point, I might suggest that we go to Italy, and collect the money. I know some people over there, so it helps."

Kramer regards the bootlegs with understandable distaste, but appreci-



TOP: From the collection of Bob Terry, Jimi Hendrix's address book. **ABOVE:** Hotel keys from Bob Terry's collection. The letter of provenance reads, "These were the keys to Jimi Hendrix's rooms on tour in America circa 1968-69. My friend Jimi liked to save hotel keys as memories of the road, especially if he'd enjoyed the gig. Sharon Lawrence. **OPPOSITE:** More Hendrix memorabilia including a kimono and pants. Photos: © Darrow Montgomery.

ates the realities underlying their demand. After all, a Hendrix album and concert were dramatically differing entities, as any guitar fanatic will attest. To pick one especially sterling random example, try ignoring the brute power and visceral energy of "Machine Gun" from an Oklahoma University audience tape (May 8, 1970), which he dedicates to the four students slain at Kent State University in Ohio. The audience explodes in visibly stunned appreciation at this display of six-string electroshock therapy, which you won't hear anywhere else but on this crude amateur audience recording. Putting it another way – anyone who believes "Foxy Lady's" recorded version is the ultimate one simply hasn't heard the song, unless they've also sampled its 80 known stage versions, too.

"It is true that the proliferation of bootlegs really diminishes the good stuff," says Kramer. "It does diminish it; it does take away from the whole, and I'd prefer it not to be out there – but – there's such a desire on the fans to learn everything about this man."

"Having read the fanzines, and spoken with the fans, I know there are people who want to hear everything Jimi did, because the man didn't always reveal everything. That was one of the reasons we did the *Sessions* book – to illuminate the process." Where, then, does the solution lie?

"I'd rather they (outtakes) were put into a collection," says Kramer, "something like the Charlie Parker recordings where you can hear take after take after take of 'Cherokee,' so you can hear how he'd build up a solo. I'd rather hear something like that done with Jimi."

McDermott understands the drive to unlock the guitarist's secrets, and the taper's motivations – but cautions against expecting too much from any given bootleg. "There's an insatiable desire out there to better understand Jimi's genius," he says. "I think Dave Marsh was right about this, and I used his quote in my book – there's this feeling that there's another 600 feet of tape waiting to be discovered that will explain the entire Hendrix phenomenon. I just don't think so."

The role of bootlegs has also changed – from one-off hijackings of rock royalty's candid live/studio moments, to a sophisticated, multi-billion dollar global business, which also needs to be considered when discussing how Jimi's bootlegged diamonds fit into the picture, says McDermott. "I mean, fans are so much more sophisticated today – bootlegs were much more of a novelty 25 years ago," he continues. "If you look in *Goldmine*, as well as other magazines, there's as many people selling them. And it's not a real problem with Jimi – you also have some product out there that's semi-legitimate, and then you have countless Ed Chalpin recordings (with Curtis Knight), or Lonnie Youngblood's stuff, the Isley Brothers, Little Richard (LPs), which just clutters up the racks."

For those insatiable fans, "you can create a legitimate retrospective which covers Jimi's legacy more extensively," notes McDermott. "The first thing, obviously, is to serve Jimi's legacy by reissuing the authorized album as he intended – covers and all."

As Terry can attest, documenting the trail of boots is an extremely time-consuming task, because the same material resurfaces so often: "I have 15 different *Hendrix At The L.A.* (Los Angeles) Forum bootlegs (from April 25, 1970), but put out by 15 different companies. There's 50 different variations on the L.A. Forum (bootleg) alone, even though it's the same material – with different covers,

different inserts, different running orders." For example, a boot LP may be accompanied by black, green, pink and yellow inserts; hence, the multiple variations on one concert.

"Obviously, the earlier ones are more desirable – especially the ones from the UK, or Europe," says Terry. That L.A. Forum gig, released on the UK Bread & Circus label, holds an especially valued position, because of its pioneering status. It became the first major Hendrix boot to surface, no small advantage when professional quality tapes of the gig have yet to be found. "Instead of a 12-inch (LP), they (Bread & Circus) put it out on four 7" EPs – I haven't seen one in ten years," muses Terry, who puts this release's value at about \$1,000.

Other notable bootlegged rarities include the UK/German-issue of *This Flier*, and *Isle Of Wight 1&2*, for about \$500 apiece. The latter one is particularly desirable because of its rarity, he adds, "it's just an audience recording which was released on video, and had better fidelity, but for a collector, it's very desirable to have."

For American boots, collectors should seek out anything on the Rubber Dubber or TMOQ (Trademark Of Quality) labels. The latter outfit, based on the West Coast, did an outstanding packaging job, in Terry's opinion: "They were into colored vinyl, and special presentations of stuff. They did numerous variations of colored material – they seemed to be a lot more sophisticated."

A particularly outstanding US boot LP is *Hendrix At Philharmonic Hall*, issued on the Sagittarius label during the mid-'70s, for \$200-300. "That's a very nice boot, with clean fidelity," says Terry.

That aside, how can you tell a TMOQ product from later-period competitors? "A lot of 'em are very obvious things," says Terry. "Like, it's marked (side) '1' and '2,' on red vinyl. It comes in a printed sleeve, versus an insert attached to the sleeve. But some boots were re-booted; with TMOQ, they did just that. They were on colored vinyl, and had '1' and '2' on them."

Not surprisingly, the mass availability of CDs has swelled the bootleg ranks to an all-time high, which would likely need a book to collate. According to Terry, "There are hundreds of Hendrix titles that have come out, almost too many to count, bootlegs of bootlegs of bootlegs."

The personal effects, on the other hand, take Hendrix's legend into an altogether different realm, one determined by what the market – and the buyer – will bear. It's a much more subjective field, in which personal whims decide the value of any given object – like Hendrix's own writings, which normally bring "at least four figures from what I've seen," according to Terry.

"An unreleased song is probably (worth) a little less in value," he continues, "and I don't know why. A lot of museum types like to say, 'I've got one page of Purple Haze.'" The Cleveland, Ohio-based Rock 'n' Roll Hall Of Fame recently plunked down \$14,000 for that same page recently, while "Room Full Of Mirrors" six pages went for \$16,000.

On the guitar side, Terry owns a left-handed Stratocaster – and amp – that came from Hendrix, along with Redding's trusty 1967 Fender Jazzmaster bass. Both guitar's histories offer an eloquent summary of their owners' differing outlooks. Terry explains: "Hendrix had many Strats – he'd give them away, he'd lose them, or they'd get stolen – and Noel had basically one guitar, which he used for all their roadshows, and all their albums, except an eight-string Hagstrom on three or four cuts of *Axis*.

"Noel is a very organized guy – he kept all his stuff, and kept a diary, all his clothes, and handbills, whereas Jimi and Mitch weren't as methodical, to put it mildly."

The Jazzmaster's other outstanding quality, adds Terry, is that Hendrix "played it a lot, like in Paris, '68 – and there are two or three instances where it's been documented that Jimi played it in the studio. It was a historical guitar for them – one of the few that traveled with the Experience, all the way from England to the time Noel left the band."

Terry also owns the kimono and pants that Hendrix wore at the 1969 Newport Pop Festival, as well as a shirt with flowers and leaves that he wore a half a dozen times onstage. "There's a famous poster of him with a finger up to his lip, and wearing a black hat," he says. "He's also wearing it while playing a 12-string acoustic guitar in 'Film About Jimi Hendrix' (on 'Hear My Train A-Comin')."

Hendrix also sports that same shirt in a famous Jim Marshall photo taken backstage with Janis Joplin, at San Francisco's Winterland – and live at the Washington D.C. Hilton, in 1968. "It's a very significant one, too – it's not the one that he gave away, because he wore it live, on different occasions," says Terry.

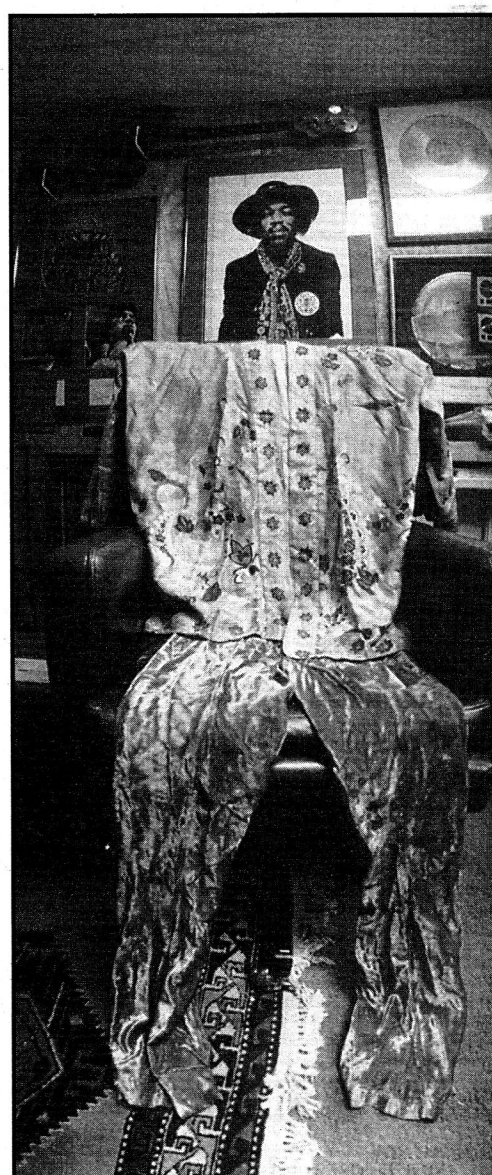
The Woodstock pants arrived with a notarized letter from Jimi's father, Al. Terry also established their authenticity by consulting Santa Clara and Newport Pop Festival photos. "There's a couple identical things (in all three photos), including a couple rips," he says. "There's a tear at the seam, where the buttons begin. I've had professionals analyze it, and there's no question about it."

Would Terry care to state Jimi's waist size, for the record? How large were those world-famous pants?

"Very tiny," he laughs. He was a very short, thin guy."

So how do you tell the real effects from possible fabrications? A notorious swindle quoted in *Electric Gypsy* should give anyone pause for thought: a collector seeking one of Jimi's prized guitars found himself bitterly regretting his trust in a phony sales receipt – whose address would have been somewhere in the middle of the Hudson River!

How do you protect yourself? "With records, it's pretty straightforward," says Terry. "I've never seen a counterfeit *Are You Experienced?* promo. With vinyl, it's not easy to pass off something as an original, when it's not – it'd be pretty hard to counterfeit one. Obviously, the higher



(up) the echelon, the rarer it is – and the more chances you have to take."

Collectors have two resources before parting with that dearly-earned cash flow, he adds: photographic evidence, and weighing that artifact's original source.

"Photographic evidence is the best thing," says Terry. "If you get 20 photos of a specific shirt, down to the label, then you know it's the same shirt. That kind of thing – the pros will accept that."

"If you get something from Noel, and he claims it's from Hendrix, most likely, it is. I've got a lot of things from Noel – if he's got live photos of him wearing it (an item), it's probably his stuff."

Thankfully, autograph collectors have a somewhat easier time of it, because Hendrix's highly stylized brand of cursive script amounts to the forger's nightmare, says Terry: "I've never seen that level of expertise where someone can take that, and duplicate it. He has a very distinct style of writing."

In the end, he adds, it takes a great deal of doggedness to protect your potential investment: "It's like being a detective. You have to do some digging."

MORE»»

Collectors wishing answers to Hendrix-related questions may write Terry, care of this magazine, or, alternatively: PO Box 781, Rockville, MD 20851.